

# POPULAR MUSIC & CHILDREN'S SONGS

## SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

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### LY-PO1

#### ALADDIN'S CAVE

Mus: Lizzie MOORE & Jo FLETCHER

Lyr: Lizzie MOORE ([UK & US – A to F](#))

- I. When the starlings gather at dusk  
On St. James's Park  
That's how I remember us together  
Waiting for the beating of their wings  
In the growing dark  
The memory that picture brings another treasure.

#### CHORUS:

For my Aladdin's Cave  
For my broken heart  
For my Aladdin's Cave  
For my broken heart

- II. Crystallize my memories into jewels buried treasure  
The measure of my time with you is never over.

#### CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)

#### CHORUS

- III. Open up the heavy gilded door  
Draw the curtains back  
Strike a match and light your torch  
Feast your eyes on the reflected light  
From the jewels you see  
Each one is a memory, another treasure.

#### CHORUS (2X)

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### LY-PO2

#### ALI BABA

Comp: Gérard TEMPESTI ([France](#))

Rts: (BMI), 1984

Dans un coin de Sacy, j'ai rencontré  
Devinez qui, Ali Baba

On a corner in Sacy, I met  
Quess who, Ali Baba

Je suis très fatigué  
Par les filles de là-bas, Ali Baba  
Dans ma grotte magique  
Il n'y a plus de voleurs, Ali Baba  
Mais quarante fatmas prêtes  
A vous donner du bonheur, Ali Baba  
Sur l'heure, je suis parti  
Au pays du sexe faible  
Et depuis devant la grotte  
Je chante à haute voix:

REFRAIN:

Césame, Césame, Césame, ouvre-toi!  
Je suis le meilleur ami d'Ali Baba  
Césame, Césame, Césame, ouvre-toi!  
Je sais que les quarante voleurs ne sont plus là  
Césame, Césame, Césame, ouvre-toi!

Ali m'a dit que la grotte était bourrée de nanas  
Qui dansent la Biguine, le Reggae, la Salsa  
Par pitié, Sésame, ouvre-toi!  
La grotte s'est ouverte  
Je leur ai tendu les bras, Ali Baba  
Une horde sauvage s'est précipitée  
Sur moi, Ali Baba  
Et depuis, jour et nuit, elles sont pendues  
À son cou, Ali Baba  
Oui son cœur va lâcher, il va finir  
A genoux, Ali Baba

Je voudrais m'évader du pays  
Du sexe faible  
Je n'ai plus qu'une envie  
C'est de rentrer chez moi

REFRAIN:

Césame, Césame, Césame, ferme-toi!  
Je suis le meilleur ami d'Ali Baba  
Césame, Césame, Césame, ferme-toi!  
Il est K.O. debout son cœur ne tiendra pas  
Césame, Césame, Césame, ferme-toi!  
J'ai perdu dix kilos à cause des fatmas  
Jouer les sex-symbols, moi, j'en ai ras-le-bol...

I'm very tired  
Due to the girls down there, Ali Baba  
In my magic cave  
There are no more theives, Ali Baba  
But forty women are ready  
To give you happiness, Ali Baba  
On the hour, I left  
For the countries of the weaker sex  
And ever since in front of the cave  
I sing out loud –

CHORUS :

Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, open !  
I am the best friend of Ali Baba  
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, open !  
I know the forty thieves are no longer there  
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, open !

Ali told me that the cave was filled with chicks  
That dance the beguine, reggae, and salsa  
Have mercy, Sesame, open up !  
The cave is open  
I stretch out my arms to them, Ali Baba  
A wild bunch threw themselves  
At me, Ali Baba  
And ever since, night & day, they are hanging  
At his neck, Ali Baba  
Yes, his heart is giving up, he's going to end  
On his knees, Ali Baba.

I want to escape from the country  
Of the feeble sex  
I no longer have but one desire  
That's to return back home.

CHORUS:

Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, close !  
I am the best friend of Ali Baba  
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, close !  
He's knocked out standing, his heart won't hold up  
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, close !  
I lost twenty two pounds because of women  
Playing the sex symbol, me, I'm fed up.

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**LY-PO3**

**THE BALLAD OF SILVER SPRINGS \***

Comp: Will McLEAN (UK & US – A to F)

Rts: Pamco Music Inc. (BMI), 1963

- I. I'll tell a sad legend, your heart it will ring;  
I'll sing you the ballad of Silver Springs;  
I'll tell of Miss Mayo an' where she does sleep  
In the bridal chamber, way down in the deep.
- II. Her true love had gone from this enchanted land  
To study an' practice the just laws of man;  
No word from her darlin' for over a year;  
Her heart it was broken, she wasted in tears.
- III. She went to Ancilla in the late afternoon;  
Her death bell was knellin', the call would be soon.  
Ancilla, I pledge you, for this do I crave;

Please, lower me down to my watery grave.

- IV. And there in the wildwood this flower so fair;  
Her spirit departed into the clear air.  
Ancilla prepared her and wound her with sack  
And lowered her gently into the great crack.
- V. Where Douglas returned and straight way did he go  
To Ancilla's cabin to seek Miss Mayo.  
No trace did he find of his true love or friend  
And the sound of strange music was the voice of the wind.
- VI. This legend lives 'ever, my story does end,  
They're down there together united again;  
And in love's sweet embrace forever do dwell  
'Neath the silvery waters that they loved so well.
- VII. For the mournful cry of the owl as he wings,  
For the pale moonlit beauty of Silver Springs;  
Their love was so pure as the waters that flow  
Down Silver River to the Oklawaha.
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#### LY-PO4

### BALLAD OF THE CAVEMAN

Comp: Danny ELFMAN (UK & US – A to F)

Rts: Little Maestro Music & Ursa Major Music (BMI), 1976

I'll tell you 'bout a caveman lived a million years ago  
When mother earth was young and dinosaurs walked to and fro  
His skull contained but half a brain but he didn't mind at all  
He's a hot shot caveman, yah do dah  
Who loved to fight and brawl

He walked the misty plate in time to find whatever he could find  
Then at last he saw her there, covered with hair  
A cave girl looking right his way,  
half naked, half well, who can say  
Such a thing he'd never seen before,  
Well then need I tell you more  
The caveman fell in love, love, love  
And so he wielded his club

Oooh, oooh what could he do?  
You can't blame a fellow for trying his luck,  
He's just a simple caveman who wanted to ---  
Well when the cave girl came around she had some things to relate  
about the methods he used to communicate  
And she said--

(Spoken)  
I never expected a caveman to exhibit much finesse,  
but a fifty pound club ain't exactly a caress  
So if you want to call me, you better learn to talk  
Until you learn some manners buddy –  
(Shouted) Take a walk!

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#### LY-PO5

### BATS

Mus: Albert VON TILZER (Tune – *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*)

Lyr: Doug C. ELDON, Dorry ELDON, & Bobby HORTON (UK & US – Children's)

Bats are the flying mammals features designed for flight  
Chiroptera is the order's name  
Refers to the hands covered with flight membranes  
That allow the bats to fly slowly and quickly dart in the sky  
To catch flies, eat insects in the dark night as they fly

Nearly a thousand species and bats can navigate well  
Most use a method that's like radar  
Echolocation to know where things are  
For they can squeak very high pitches that bounce off the objects nearby  
And return to them as an echo as they fly

Bats disperse seeds of fruit trees, others pollinate plants  
Insect control to the humans give  
Bats return at dawn to the places they live  
In the caves or up in the treetops to hang upside down by their feet  
And the bats are really so helpful to man and beast

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### LY-PO6

## THE BATS ARE ALL ASLEEP

Comp: Susan NIPP ([UK & US – Children's](#))

Black cats creep without a sound,  
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Ghosts float all around the town,  
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Witches fly up in the sky,  
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Skeletons dance slowly by,  
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Goblins everywhere are seen,  
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!  
'Tis the night of Halloween,  
THE BATS ARE ALL AWAKE!

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### LY-PO7

## BLEU COMME LE JUPON D'IVONNE \*

Comp: Anne SYLVESTRE ([France](#))

Rts: (SACEM) 2001

Depuis ce jour la Fosse Dionne  
Dans notre ville bourguignonne  
Roule ses eaux venus d'ailleurs  
Et quand le ciel parfois frissonne  
Et quand il grêle et quand il tonne  
Elle repousse nos frayeurs.

Since that day the Fosse Dionne  
In our village in Burgoyne  
Rolls out its waters which come from afar;  
And when the sky sometimes shudders  
And when it hails and thunders  
The spring drives off our fears.

#### REFRAIN:

Elle reste bleue bleue bleue  
Bleue comme le jupon d'Ivonne  
Bleue comme le jupon d'Ivonne

#### CHORUS:

The spring stays blue, blue, blue  
Blue like the petticoat of Ivonne  
Blue like the petticoat of Ivonne

Si parfois même elle bouillonne  
Ou si la glace l'emprisonne  
Elle ne perd jamais sa couleur

If sometimes it even boils  
Or the ice imprisons it  
It never loses its color;

Au printemps elle s'enjuponne  
De plantes d'eau qui la chiffonne  
Et lui font des accroche-cœurs.  
REFRAIN

In the Spring it coats itself  
With water plants that ruffle it  
And make for it love-locks.  
CHORUS

Si de nos jours la Fosse Dionne  
Aux regards curieux s'abandonne  
Comme une offrande aux promeneurs  
On s'interroge on la soupçonne  
Mais on sait que jamais personne  
Ne connaîtra sa profondeur.  
REFRAIN

If these days the Fosse Dionne  
Abandons itself to curious stares  
Like an offering to hikers;  
One questions and one suspects  
But one knows that no one ever  
Will know its true depth.  
CHORUS

Si quelques maisons l'emprisonnent  
Elle est restée la sauvageonne  
Dangereuse pour les plongeurs  
Jour après jour la Fosse Dionne  
Dans notre ville bourguignonne  
Roule ses eaux venus d'ailleurs.  
REFRAIN

If a few houses imprison it  
It remains the wild one  
Dangerous for the divers;  
Day after day the Fosse Dionne  
In our village in Burgoyne  
Rolls out its waters which come from afar.  
CHORUS

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### LY-PO8

## DIE BLAUE GROTTE

Mus: Werner SCHARFENBERGER

Lyr: Fini BUSCH (Germany)

Rts: (BIEM)

Transcribed by Franz Lindenmayr, 2013

Die Blaue Grotte auf der Insel Capri  
birgt das Geheimnis der Seligkeit.

The Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri  
conceals the secret of happiness.

Die Blaue Grotte auf der Insel Capri  
kann viel erzählen aus alter Zeit.  
Von glücklichen Menschen,  
von seligen Stunden,  
von zärtlichen Weisen im Mondenschein.

The Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri  
can tell a lot about olden times.  
Of happy people  
of blissful hours,  
of amorous manners in the moonlight.

Doch wie viele Herzen  
sich auf Capri gefunden,  
das weiß nur die Blaue Grotte allein.

But how many hearts  
found on Capri  
that know only the Blue Grotto alone.

REFRAIN (2X):

Zu dieser Grotte auf der Insel Capri  
zieht mich die Sehnsucht bei Tag und Nacht.  
Die Blaue Grotte auf der Insel Capri  
hat schon die schönsten Märchen wahrgemacht.

At this cave on the island of Capri  
the desire pulls me by day and night.  
The Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri  
has already made the most beautiful fairy tale come true.

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### LY-PO9

## BRING BACK THE BAT

Mus: Albert VON TILZER (Tune – *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*)

Lyr: Doug C. ELDON, Dorry ELDON, & Bobby HORTON (UK & US – Children's)

We wake up when the bat goes to bed,  
Don't ban the bat, don't ban the bat,  
He sleeps with his feet up over his head.  
Oh, bring back the bat.

CHORUS:

Bring the bat back for the balance of nature,  
Bring the bat back to the banks of the stream,

Bring the bat back, there's a bat in your future,  
Be batgirl or batboy on the bat's home team.

He flies like a bird but he's more like a mouse,  
He can't build a nest so build him a houses  
The bird eats mosquitoes and so does the bat,  
Mosquitoes eat me and I don't like that.  
CHORUS

Build the bat a box and she'll catch a batch of bugs  
Raise little bats and give them little bat hugs.  
CHORUS

Bats aren't bad, they're bashful and sweet  
And they pollinate bananas for us to eat.

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## LY-PO10

# THE CAVEMAN AND THE BIG FEET

Comp: Kevin ROTH ([UK & US – Children's](#))

Rts: Kevin Roth Music (BMI), 1992

- I. In a dusty little prehistoric town,  
A dozen cave men all had gathered round,  
Talking by the fire light one night.  
One man said, "Something isn't right.  
This Stone Age is not enough for me.  
There's got to be a future I can see.  
I'm going to saddle up old Big Feet and head west to find  
Better food, softer caves, and leave the past behind."
- II. "I'm gonna find what I've been looking for,  
Just me and Big Feet, my dinosaur.  
Where pastures are always green, places that I've never seen.  
I'm gonna ride into the sunset, men.  
God bless, I may not be back again."  
And he rode off into the sun that day.  
And waved goodbye as they stomped away.
- III. He traveled mighty far and wide, my friends.  
He wondered if he'd ever reach the end.  
When off in the distance, he saw shining bright  
A big tall building with flashing neon lights.  
"Uggh," he said. He couldn't believe his eyes.  
But there hanging in the sky were the signs that said, "Gambling Town,"  
Cave men welcome, come lay your money down."
- IV. There were things he never saw before,  
Like cars, and not one dinosaur.  
People's clothes were strange and new.  
There was paint on women's faces, with strange hairdos.  
There were crowds nearly all night long.  
He wasn't sure, but something seemed all wrong.  
When morning came, he looked in the sky,  
The air was brown with smog and an earthquake rumbled by.
- V. He headed back from where he came,  
But ever since, he hasn't been the same.  
The cave men all gathered round,  
And asked him, "Tell us what you found."  
He shook his head and looked a bit confused.  
"Boys, it isn't good news. I think I've seen the future shining bright,  
And it's not what you think it is. It's really quite a fright."

- VI. "Yes, I found what I was looking for.  
It's back with you and Big Feet, my dinosaur.  
Where pastures are always green unlike the places I've just seen."  
He got down on his knees and kissed the ground, and he looked quite pleased,  
And Big Feet, his dinosaur did the same. And they both said,  
"Boys, it's good to be home again."
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**LY-PO11**

## **CAVEMEN !**

Comp: Ralph COVERT (UK & US – Children's)

- I. Cavemen, we are cavemen  
In this prehistoric place, so many dangers we must face  
Cavemen, we are cavemen  
We are hunters, we are kings!  
We can chop and scrape and sing...

CHORUS:

Put your fur and sandals on  
We're off to hunt the mastodon  
We're cavemen! Cavemen!

- II. Shake a leg and raise your spear  
The world will know that we are here !  
We're cavemen! We are cavemen!  
In this prehistoric place, so many dangers we must face  
We're cavemen ! We are cavemen!

CHORUS:

So put your fur and sandals on...  
We're off to hunt the mastodon  
We're cavemen! We are cavemen!

- III. We live in a world without cellphones  
No Frappacinos for me  
We've got famine and sabertooth tigers  
But when the world is Mesozoic it's great to be heroic !

Cavemen, we are cavemen! Cavemen, we are cavemen!

(Spoken)

- A: C'mon Grog, let's go hunt some dinosaurs.  
B: Dinosaurs have been extinct for millions of years –  
Cavemen did not hunt dinosaurs.  
A: Oh, no wonder I can't find any... Hey, what that you're doing there?  
B: Can't you see I'm painting?  
A: You call that painting? I don't understand – where's the depth of perception?  
The narrative? The post-Modern references to Klimt and Modigliani?  
B: It's a mastodon.  
A: Looks like a balloon with legs and a bunch of pins in it to me.  
B: It's being hunted. See, there you are, throwing the spear.  
A: Oh, that's a spear, oh, I see. I look pretty good there, the big muscles,  
strong chin... Heh Grog, this painting is making me hungry. Let's go hunt.  
B: That's an excellent idea. I could eat a horse, if I knew what a horse was...  
A: Yeah, they're still evolving, don't really look like horses yet, do they?

(Singing)

CHORUS

(Repeat Stanza 2)

CHORUS

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**LY-PO12**

**THE CAVERNS OF LURAY \***

Comp: Dorothy COPELAND (UK & US – A to F)

Rts: Bell Song Pub. Co. (ASCAP), 1954

Into the Caverns of Luray  
I took a walk one special day  
And beneath the world above  
I saw the handiwork of God's great love.

**CHORUS:**

And there beneath the earth I knew the thrill  
Of learning of His power and of His skill  
I knew 'twas so to me that day  
The day I walked into the Caverns of Luray.

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**LY-PO13**

**LES CHAUVE-SOURIS [THE BATS]**

Comp: Pierre LOZÈRE (France)

Rts: (SACEM), 1997

C'est dans l'obscurité  
Qu'elles commencent à chaser

REFRAIN (Bis)

Les chauve-souris  
Qui vivent la nuit  
Les chauve-souris  
Sont nos amis.

It's in obscurity  
That they begin to hunt

CHORUS: (2X)

The bats  
Who live in the night  
The bats  
Who are our friends.

Elles se guident dans le noir  
A l'aide de leur sonar

REFRAIN (Bis)

Ces gentils mammifères  
Font très peur à Grand'Mère

REFRAIN (Bis)

They are guided in the dark  
With help from their sonar

CHORUS: (2X)

These gentle mammals  
Make Grandmother very scared

CHORUS: (2X)

Et quand la nuit s'en va  
Elles dormant la tête en bas

REFRAIN (Bis)

And when the night goes away  
They sleep with their heads down.

CHORUS: (2X)

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**LY-PO14**

**LA CUEVA DEL DRAGÓN**

Mus: Todd CENEY

Lyr: Skip ADAMS (Spain)

Rts: Kronen Musikverlag (GEMA) & Warner Tamerlane (BMI), 2003

Vaya lío, éste no soy yo.  
Hoy me he estado planteando  
Si esto que siento yo, es amor.

No es nada malo  
Aunque cabe sospechar  
Que puede ser a veces una enfermedad mortal.

Go trouble, I am not this one  
Today I am standing up here  
If this that I feel is love.

No, it's nothing bad  
Although it is possible to suspect  
That it may sometimes be a fatal disease.

**CORO:**

En la cueva del dragón, he metido el corazón  
Y me temo que por ti, ya no saldrá de allí.  
San Jorge no me salvará, el fuego me consumirá

**CHORUS:**

The cave of the dragon, I have put my heart in it  
And I'm afraid that for you I will not be able to leave there.  
Saint George will not save me, the fire will consume me



Pero es una bendición la cueva del dragón.

Estoy perdido  
Has cazado al cazador  
Tenías las sentidos en hibernación.

Dejé las armas  
Y firmé mi rendición  
El filo de tus labios  
Las alas me cortó.

But it's a blessing, the cave of the dragon.

I am lost  
You have hunted the hunter  
Kept the senses in hibernation.

I laid down the weapons  
And signed my surrender  
The edge of your lips  
The wings cut me.

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## LY-PO15

### DINOSAURS AND CAVEMEN

Comp: Derek & Guy LEROUX (UK & US – Children's)

Dinosaurs and cavemen (2X)

A long time ago  
When cavemen did live  
They had dinosaurs  
But no longer are they here.

I had a dream last night  
And a caveman I saw  
I saw a dinosaur  
That's when did awake.

CHORUS:

Dinosaurs and cavemen – from long time ago  
Dinosaurs and cavemen – they're all going to go  
Dinosaurs and cavemen – wouldn't it be neat?  
Just to talk with them and let them be your friend.

Now did you ever dream  
Of something you have read  
Maybe elephants  
Stompin' all around your bed.

If you dream tonight  
And dream of dinosaurs  
Tomorrow we can talk  
And tell me what you saw.  
CHORUS

OK, let's name a few –  
There's stegosaurus, tyrannosaurus, diplodocus dinosaur,  
There was elasmosaurus, he could swim like a fish,  
Oh, let them be your friend.  
Brontosaurus, torosaurus, triceratops, allosaurus,  
Dinosaurs and cavemen – from long time ago

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## LY-PO16

### D'OÙ VIENS TU LA SOURCE \*

Comp: Anne SYLVESTRE (France)

Rts: (SACEM) 2001

D'où viens tu la source  
Où prends-tu ta course  
Viens-tu du fond de la terre

Where do you come from, spring  
Where do you start your journey  
Do you come from the center of the earth,

Là où naissent les mystères  
Viens-tu de ces eaux lointaines  
Nées d'une obscure fontaine  
Pour monter vers la lumière  
Tu surges entre les pierres  
Comme un collier de crystal  
Musical.

There where mysteries are born;  
Do you come from those far waters  
Born from an obscure fountain  
To rise up toward the light  
Where you burst out between the rocks  
Like a necklace of musical  
Crystal?

REFRAIN:

Coule coule et roucoule  
Coule coule et déroule  
Tes perles d'eau tes ruisselets  
Regarde Toinou comme elle est  
Comme elle est belle et bonne  
Tu peux la boire Ivonne  
Tu peux y rafaichir tes mains  
Nous reviendrons demain.

CHORUS:

Flow, flow and gurgle  
Flow, flow and roll on  
Your pearls of water, your streams  
Look, Toinou, how it is  
How it is beautiful and good  
You can drink it, Ivonne  
You can refresh your hands  
We'll come back tomorrow.

D'où viens tu la source  
Où prends-tu ta course  
Viens-tu te glisser légère  
Entre deux pieds de fougère  
Ou te fais-tu la vie douce  
Sur un beau cousin de mousse  
Avant de plonger profonde  
Pour te retirer du monde  
Et te tracer un chemin  
Souterrain.

Where do you come from, spring  
Where do you start your journey  
Do you gently slip  
Between two tufts of fern  
Or do you have the soft life  
On a nice cushion of moss  
Before plunging deeply  
To escape from the world  
And follow a subterranean  
Route?

REFRAIN

CHORUS

D'où viens tu la source  
Où prends-tu ta course  
T'es-tu faufilée fragile  
Sous des épaisseurs d'argile  
As-tu contourné tenace  
Des rochers pleins de menaces  
Ou parcouru sauvagine  
Des cavernes cristallines  
Tu fais jaillir des diamants  
Scintillants.

Where do you come from, spring  
Where do you start your journey  
Do you thread feebly  
Through the layers of clay;  
Have you stubbornly skirted  
The rocks full of menace  
Or having traveled wildly  
The crystalline caverns  
You burst forth sparkling  
Diamonds?

REFRAIN (2X)

CHORUS (2X)

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**LY-PO17**

**FLIT AND FLY**

Mus: (Traditional tune: Lightly Row)

Lyr: Susan Nipp (UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Price Stern Sloan

Flit and fly, flit and fly,  
Little bat up in the sky,  
Up and down, round and round,  
High above the ground.

Swooping in the dark of night,  
Stopping only when it's light  
Flit and fly, flit and fly,  
Little bat, good-bye.

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**LY-PO18**

# GROTTA AZZURRA DE CAPRI

Comp: Tony D'ESPOSITO (Italy)

Rts: (?)

(Transcription & translation hopefully in future.)

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## LY-PO19

### LA GROTTA ROMANTICA

Mus: Walter OBERBRANDACTER

Lyr: Hans GREINER (Austria)

Transcribed by Franz Lindenmayr, 2013

La Grotta Romantica  
im Herzen der Welt.

Komm gib mir deine Hand,  
laß dich entführen in die Nacht.  
Erst dort, wo Stille war,  
hast du die Augen aufgemacht.

In diesem kühlen Zauberreich  
nahm ich dich in den Arm.  
Dann ein Kuß, ein liebes Wort,  
schon fing die Welt zu funkeln an.

#### REFRAIN:

La grotta romantica,  
was dann geschah,  
es war wie Feuer im Eis.  
La grotta romantica,  
Gefühle waren noch nie so brennend heiß.

Das Licht der Sterne,  
zu Stein geworden,  
es war erwacht nur für uns zwei,  
und dieses Funkeln heißt,  
unsere Liebe geht nie vorbei.

La grotta romantica  
im Herzen der Welt.  
Kein Ort kann schöner sein,  
um zu gestehen,  
ich hab dich lieb.

Zwei Augen sahen mich an,  
ein Blick, der fast schon Bücher schrieb.  
Wir hielten uns so zärtlich fest  
in diesem Schloß aus Stein,  
und ich sagte, was du träumst,  
das wird auch nun für immer sein.  
REFRAIN (2X)

La Grotta Romantica  
in the heart of the world.

Come give me your hand,  
let me you take you into the night.  
Only where silence was  
have you opened your eyes.

In this cool magic kingdom  
I took you in my arms.  
Then a kiss, a kind word,  
already the world began to sparkle.

La Grotta romantica,  
what happened next  
it was like fire in the ice.  
La Grotta romantica,  
Feelings were never so burning hot.

The light of the stars,  
turned to stone,  
it was only awakened for us two,  
and this sparkle means,  
our love never goes away.

La Grotta romantica  
in the heart of the world.  
No place could be better  
in order to confess,  
I love you.

Two eyes looked at me,  
a look that indeed almost wrote books.  
We clung so tenderly  
in this castle made of stone,  
and I said, what are you dreaming,  
that will also now be forever.

---

## LY-PO20

### HOW DO YOU DO – I'M A BAT

Comp: McRAE (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts: Kimbo Music Pub. Co, 1961

- I. I'll bet you thought you'd never see  
A funny animal like me  
  
I'm not a rabbit or a rat  
How do you do – I'm a bat.
- II. You'll never see me in the light  
I don't come out until it's night  
I'm not an owl or a cat  
How do you do – I'm a bat.
- III. I've got a friendly feeling  
I'll pay you a call  
I'll cha-cha on the ceiling  
And mambo up the wall.
- IV. So if you'd like to have a guest  
I'll shine my wing to look my best  
I'll fly right in an' lift my hat  
How do you do – I'm a bat.
- 

### LY-PO21

## ICH BAU MIR EINE HÖHLE

Comp: Rolf ZUCKOWSKI (Germany)

Ich bau mir eine Höhle,  
und dann versteck ich mich darin.  
Ich bau mir eine Höhle,  
und alle suchen wo ich bin.  
Mit Kissen und mit Decken  
und einem Strauß Vergissmeinnicht;  
und in der dunklen Höhle,  
da brennt mein Taschenlampenlicht,  
da brennt mein Taschenlampenlicht.

Ich bau mir eine Höhle,  
und dann lad ich mir Gäste ein,  
mit Eis und Schokolade,  
kommt alle her und macht euch klein.  
Hier gibt es tolle Spiele,  
und fröhlich sind wir sowieso,  
auch ohne Tisch und Stühle,  
wir sitzen einfach auf dem Po,  
wir sitzen einfach auf dem Po.

Ich bau mir eine Höhle,  
und abends, wenn ich müde bin,  
dann fang ich an zu gähnen  
und leg mich auf den Kissen hin.  
Da träum ich ganz gemütlich  
und kuschel mit dem Teddybär.  
Wir schlafen beide friedlich  
und hören von der Welt nichts mehr,  
und hören von der Welt nichts mehr.

I'll build myself a cave,  
and then I'll hide in it.  
I'll build myself a cave,  
and everybody will look where I am.  
With pillows and blankets  
and a bouquet of forget-me-nots;  
and in a dark cave,  
there my pocket torchlight shins,  
there my pocket torchlight shins.

I'll build myself a cave,  
and then I'll invite my guests,  
with ice cream and chocolate,  
come here everyone and makes yourself small.  
There are wild games here,  
and we are happy as well,  
even without a table and chairs,  
we just sit on our bottom,  
we just sit on our bottom.

I'll build myself a cave,  
and in the evening, when I'm tired,  
then I begin to yawn  
and I lie down on the pillow.  
As I dream quite comfortably  
and lie with the teddy bear.  
We both sleep peacefully  
and hear from the world no more,  
and hear from the world any more.

---

### LY-PO22

## LA LÉGENDE DE LA CHAMBRE D'AMOUR

Mus: Rolf MARBOT

Lyr: Francis BLANCHE (France)



- VII. Tom calls an' he hollers an' calls out their names  
But all through the night not an answer came.  
Poor Becky is crying, so heart-sick and sore  
Afraid she'll not see her mother anymore.
- VIII. Now Tom finds a hole an' looks out at the sky  
And sees the Mississippi rollin' by.  
"Now Becky, dear Becky, come out of the cave  
We'll run an' tell your mother that you have been saved."
- IX. The bells are all ringing all over the town  
For Tom and dear Becky at last have been found.
- 

#### LY-PO24

### THE OLD-TIMER

Comp: Randy. SPARKS (Based on traditional folk song "I Was Born 100,000 Years Ago")  
(UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Edwin H. Morris

- I. I'm an old timer I'm an excellent rhymer  
I'll send you a song of the sights I have seen  
'Tis late in December but well I remember  
The springtime of youth when the world was so green

#### CHORUS:

I was born a hundred thousand years ago  
There ain't nothin' in this world that I don't know.  
There's no place that I ain't been  
Round the world and back again,  
And I'll whup the man that says it isn't so

- II. In the dawn of civilization I recall,  
My cave had bearskin carpets, wall to wall.  
We were quite the social group,  
I was friends with Alley Oop,  
And a charming fellow named Neanderthal.  
I knew Adam and Eve before they knew the score:  
It was I designed the fig leaves that they wore.  
From behind the bushes kneelin'  
Saw the apple they was peelin',  
And I swear that I'm the guy that ate the core.

#### CHORUS

- III. Took a trip with Cleopatra down the Nile.  
Yes, we dated off and on for quite awhile.  
And for King Tut and his kiddies,  
I built all the pyramidies,  
And I represented Caesar at his trial.  
Mr. Nero was a personal friend of mine.  
The way he played the fiddle was divine.  
I went by invitation  
To a Roman celebration,  
And ended up with ashes in my wine.

#### CHORUS

- IV. I'll tell you how America came to be:  
I went sailing with Columbus 'cross the sea.

He got sick the day we landed,  
And he went home empty-handed.  
By rights, the whole darn place belongs to me.  
I know much more than any book can tell,  
And you must admit, I sing it rather well.  
And the last part is the best,  
If you'd like to hear the rest,  
You can sing it for yourself or go to hell.  
CHORUS

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## LY-PO25

### OMAR KHAYAM'S CAVE

Comp: GIFFORD & CLIFFE (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts:

Transcribed by: Patrick Hagen

- I. Arms, arms for the love of Allah  
And legs for the love of Mike  
Steak and kidney pudd  
Two veg à la carte.
- II. On the Persian desert there's a cave  
That's where hidden treasure's laid  
Omar Khayam's such a cunning knave  
From Boy Scouts captured it one day.
- III. There's rest for weary caravans  
By the door a notice hangs  
A good pull-up for charabangs  
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- IV. Incense burns the nostrils filled  
Incense know by Allah's will  
It's steak and onions on the grill  
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- V. He's not a Persian, no  
His name is really Moe  
Comes all the way from Bow  
A wise man from the east.
- VI. They excavated, dug the ground  
Dug so deep at last they found  
A London train on the Underground  
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- VII. Once a leopard took it for his den  
Kicked up such an awful din  
Mrs. Omar now looks lovely when  
She walks out in that leopard's skin.
- VIII. A pretty girl with eyes of blue  
Your fortune she starts telling you  
You go inside and it all comes true  
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- IX. One young chap who called it spoof  
Got a kick from a camel's hoof  
Then he went sailing through the roof  
Of Omar Khayam's Cave.

- X. They said since days of old  
Life's mysteries to behold  
They found a tomb of gold  
And ninepence in half-crowns.
- XI. From a desert storm you hide  
Your wet clothes are quickly dried  
They hang them up with you inside  
In Omar Khayam's Cave.  
(Instrumental bridge)
- XII. Ah, you sit on Persian mats  
Stroke the Persian cats  
Then you see the Persian rats  
And *Snakes and Ladders* too.
- XIII. His favourite slave they called her Bab  
Stands on view on a marble slab  
They often have a smash and grab  
In Omar Khayam's Cave.

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## LY-PO26

# PIPISTRELLE ET CACATOÈS

Comp: Anne SYLVESTRE (France)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>I. Mad'moiselle Pipistrelle<br/>Et Monsieur Cacatoès<br/>Pipistrelle est la plus frêle<br/>Cacatoès se redresse.<br/>Tous les jours ils se chamaillent<br/>Ils échangent des gros mots<br/>Ils se traitent de mangeaille<br/>De gnocchi de poule au pot.</p> | <p>Miss Pipistrelle<br/>And Mister Cacatoes (the parrot)<br/>Pipistrelle is the more fragile<br/>Cacatoes straightens up<br/>Every day they bicker<br/>They exchange swear words<br/>They treat each other like dirt food<br/>Like gnocchi, like chicken in the pot.</p> |
| <p>II. La nuit Pipistrelle veille<br/>Cacatoès dans son lit<br/>En colère bé-bégaie<br/>En pleine zi-zizane –<br/>Il dit: Pipistrelle arête<br/>De voler en zi-zigzag<br/>Si je mets ma jaque-quette<br/>Je vais t'étrangler san blague.</p>                    | <p>At night the pipistrelle is awake<br/>Cacatoes is in is bed<br/>Stutters in anger,<br/>In full discord,<br/>He says: "Pipistrelle stop<br/>Flying in zigzags<br/>If I put on my jacket<br/>I'm going to strangle you, no kidding."</p>                                |
| <p>III. Mais mon ca-capi-pitaine<br/>Dit-elle dépi-pitée<br/>Dit'moi en quoi ça vous gêne<br/>Que je vole en pi-piqué.<br/>Tu n'es rien qu'un vampi-pire<br/>Et vous un ca-canari<br/>Un pi-pigeon -- Viens l'redire<br/>Espèce de harpi-pie.</p>               | <p>"But my captain,"<br/>She said, annoyed,<br/>"Tell me what it is that bothers you,<br/>That I fly erratically?"<br/>"You're nothing but a vampire."<br/>"And you're a canary,<br/>A pigeon" – "Say that again,<br/>You lousy old hag."</p>                            |
| <p>IV. Mais quand la nuit recu-cule<br/>Cacatoès qui ne dort pas<br/>Malgré la ca-canicule<br/>Joue de l'oca-carina<br/>J'en ai plein la casque-quette<br/>Vous m'ca-cassez les oreilles<br/>Lui crie la pi-pipelette<br/>Pi-pitié pour mon sommeil.</p>        | <p>But when the night recedes,<br/>Cacatoes who does not sleep<br/>Despite the heat wave,<br/>Plays the ocarina.<br/>"I've had it up to here<br/>You're hurting my ears"<br/>Cried the little piper,<br/>"Have pity on my sleep."</p>                                    |
| <p>V. Cet échang'pi-pitoyable</p>   | <p>This pitiful exchange</p>   |



Dur'toute la journée-né  
Aucun d'eux n'est ca-capable  
De ca-capi-pituler  
Ah, tu fais la coque-quette  
Pour me faire hésiter  
Gros mangeur de cachuètes  
Vous vous fait'des i-z'idées.

Lasts the whole day long  
Neither of them is able  
To capitulate.  
"Ah, you're doing the coquette  
To make me falter."  
"You big peanut-eater,  
You're getting ideas."

VI. Mad'moiselle Pipistrelle  
Et Monsieur Cacatoès  
Arrêtez votre querelle  
On va vous botter les fesses  
Mais toujours ils se chamaillent  
Ils échangent des gros mots  
Ils se trait'de ca-canaille  
Ou bien de zi-zigoto  
C'est pas beau.

Miss Pipistrelle  
And Mister Cacatoes  
Stop your quarreling  
We're going to spank you.  
But they always bicker  
They exchange swear words  
They call each other riff-raff  
Or even jerk.  
It's not very nice.

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### LY-PO27

## STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES

Mus: Barry BOOTH (Australia)

Lyr: Robert A. GRAY

Rts: (?), 1980

Stalagmites and stalactites,  
We all know where they're found  
In subterranean caverns  
(Another word for underground)

Stalagmites and stalactites  
Are spiky like a crown.  
With half of them the point points upwards  
The other half the point points down.

Just one snag  
Keeping track.  
Which are 'stalag'  
And which 'stalac'.  
They're like Tweedledum  
And Tweedledee.  
How to overcome  
This difficultee?  
Well!

Stalagmites and stalactites,  
You can tell them by the sound.  
There's stalac with a 'C' for the ceiling,  
And stalag with a 'G' for the ground.

Stalagmites and stalactites  
Are spiky like a crown.  
With Stalagmites the point points upwards.  
With Stalactites the point points down!

---

### LY-PO28

## STELLE NELLE GROTTA

Comp: Marco FERRADINI, G. LANOTTE, & Roberto GIULIANI (Italy)

Rts: Ed. Muvicom/BMG Ariola (SIAE), 1982

Transcribed & Translated to French: Celestino Innocenti

I. Tu che scrivi e cante dei canzone  
Che parli del amore de cosi inutile e banali  
Ma dove vive cosa fai quando cambierai

E poi non ti sei mai guardotta intorno  
Per sogni e poesie non ce pui posto in questo mondo.  
Quando te ne accorgerai cosa canterai

II. Sai per ogni stella nella notte  
Ce un griffo nelle grotte  
Siamo stati noi... noi... noi  
Che abbiamo scritto sopra un muro  
Abbiamo guardato avanti nel futuro.

REFRAIN:

Tu non lo sai ma senza un ombra di speranza  
Tu non lo sai il tuo sbadiglio  
Una canzone non sara mai  
Sotto tante stelle dimmi tu cosa fai  
Se chiudi li occhie non le guardi mai.

III. Io sono convinto che l'amore  
E un ponte veaso il cello  
E l'energia il tuo motore  
Como una rania tena che tieno il mondo intierno  
Vai ci sono altre mille grotte e stele  
Ogni notte che baillano per noi.

REFRAIN:

Tu non lo sai se amore non ai mai auuto  
Tu non lo sai certo  
Perche amore tu non ai dato mai.  
Sotto tante stelle dimmi tu cosa fai  
Se chuidi li occhie non le guardi mai.

IV. Ma come vivi cosa fai  
Quando cambierai  
Sensa sole mimmi dove andrai.

REFRAIN:

Tu non lo sai se amore non ai mai auuto (2X)  
Tu non lo sai certo  
Perche amore tu non ai dato mai.  
Ma sotto questo cello addresso caminerai  
Con una speranza te n'andrai.

I. You, who write and sing songs  
Which speak of the love of things banal and useless;  
But where do you live, what do you do, when will you  
change ?

And you have never looked around you;  
For dreams and poetry there is no place in this world.  
When will you realize, what are you singing?

II. You know, for every star in the night  
There is a drawing in a cave;  
It was us, us ... us ... us  
Who wrote on the wall,  
We were looking ahead into the future.

CHORUS:

You don't know but without a shadow of hope  
You don't know your error;  
A song will never be  
Under so many stars, tell me what you do  
If you close your eyes you will never see them.

IV. I'm convinced that love  
And a bridge towards the sky  
And the energy, your motor;  
Like a lasting fury which holds the whole world  
There are other thousand caves and stars,  
Every night, that shine for us.

CHORUS:

You don't know if the love you never got,  
You don't know, it is certainly  
That love you never gave.  
Under so many stars, tell me what you do  
If you close your eyes you will never see them.

IV. But how do you live, what do you do  
When will you change;  
Without the sun, tell me, where will you go ?

CHORUS:

You don't know if the love you never got, (2X)  
You don't know, it is certainly  
That love you never gave.  
But under this sky now you will walk  
With a hope you will go.

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**LY-PO29**

**THREE WHEELS ON MY WAGON**

Comp: Burt BACHARACH & Bob HILLARD (UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Shapiro Bernstein (ASCAP)

I. Three wheels on my wagon,  
And I'm still rolling along  
The Cherokees are chasing me  
Arrows fly, right on by  
But I'm singing a happy song.

CHORUS 1:

I'm singing a higgity, haggity, hoggety, high  
Pioneers, they never say die  
A mile up the road there's a hidden cave  
And we can watch those Cherokees  
Go galloping by

(Spoken)

*"George, they're catching up to us!"*

*"Get back in the wagon woman!"*

II. Two wheels on my wagon,  
And I'm still rolling along  
Them Cherokees are after me  
Flaming spears, burn my ears  
But I'm singing a happy song.

CHORUS 2:

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high  
Pioneers, they never say die  
Half a mile up the road there's a hidden cave  
And we can watch those Cherokees  
Go galloping by

(Spoken)

*"Duh, Paw? Are you sure this is the right road?"*

*"Will you hush up? You and your maps!"*

III. One wheel on my wagon,  
And I'm still rolling along  
Them Cherokees after me  
I'm all in flames, at the reins  
But I'm singing a happy song.

CHORUS 3:

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high  
Pioneers, they never say die  
Right around that turn there's a hidden cave  
And we can watch those Cherokees  
Go galloping by

(Spoken)

*"George? Should I get the bag of beads and trinkets?"*

*"Woman, I know what I'm doing!"*

IV. No wheels on my wagon,  
So I'm not rolling along  
The Cherokees captured me  
They look mad, things look bad  
But I'm singing a happy song

(Spoken)

*"C'mon all you Cherokees, sing along with me!"*

Higgity, haggity hoggety, high  
Pioneers, they never say die

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### LY-PO30

## TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

Comp: Pat BOONE (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts: (UK) Spoone Music, 1959

I. For love so true, my love  
For love so rare, my love  
I'd follow you, my love  
To the center of the earth.

II. To bring you joy, my love  
Beyond compare, my love

I'd even go, my love  
To the center of the earth.

CHORUS:

I'd search the whole world over  
I'd sail the seven seas  
But I'd never find another, my love  
Lovely as you – so please –  
Say you'll be mine, my love  
Make life divine, my love  
And we will find, my love  
What a real true love is worth;  
It's worth all the gold  
From here to the center of the earth.

(Repeat Chorus)

To the center of the earth. (2X)

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LY-PO31

UND WIR HATTEN KEINE HÖHLE

Comp: Wolf BIERMANN (Germany)

Rts: Kiepenheuer & Witsch; Cologne

Und wir hatten keine Höhle  
Und wir fanden kein Versteck  
Und wir schliefen im Gegröle  
Und wir saßen nacht im Dreck.

And we have no cave  
And we found no hiding place  
And we slept in raucous bawling  
And we sat nightly in the dirt.

REFRAIN:

Irgend ein Loch  
brauchen wir doch  
da oder hier  
du Menschentier  
mein Menschentier

CHORUS:

Any a hole  
we need, however  
there or here  
you, human animal  
my human animal

Diese Stadt hat uns erbrochen  
In die Nächte laut und hell  
Doch wir haben uns verkrochen  
Einer in des anderen Fell.  
REFRAIN

This city brought us up  
Loudly and brightly into the nights  
However, we had crawled away  
One into the others skin.  
CHORUS

Mann, die Stadt is tote Hose  
Und die Häuser stehn dumm rum  
Und was fest war, das is lose  
Und was grade war, is krumm.  
REFRAIN

Man, the city is dead pants  
And the houses stand stupidly rum  
And what was solid, that is loose  
And what was straight, is crooked.  
CHORUS

[caveinspiredmusic.com](http://caveinspiredmusic.com)